Wm Bronscombe 23.2.04

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Saved in a Basket, or Daph and Her Charge.

[By special request we publish this story which has been remembered with pleasure by one who read it thirty years ago. To those whose memory does not go back so far it will have all the interest of novelty. It seems specially timely just now, when so many forget how closely knit were the bonds of love and service between many a master and slave; and thinking only of the brutality on one side, the degradation on the other, lose hope for a race so many of whom are struggling bravely up in spite of difficulties and temptations.]

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life's working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.
—Elizabeth Browning.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOONLIGHT VISITOR

The evening air stole gently into a quiet room in a southern island, more than sixty years ago.

There were no casements in the wide windows; the heavy shutters were thrown back, and the moonlight poured in in long unbroken streams, across the polished and uncarpeted floor.

Within the large, pleasant room, two lovely children were sleeping in their pretty little crib, like birds in a nest.

Suddenly there was a cautious tread in the hall, and then a strange figure stood silently in the moonlight. Without candle or taper might have been plainly seen the short, strongly-built woman whose black face and gay turban formed a striking contrast to the fair children in their white loose night-dresses.

Who was the dark intruder, and what was her secret errand in that quiet room?

It was Daph—black Daph; and when you have heard more about her, you can better judge whether she came as a friend, or an enemy, to the sleeping children of her master. Although not visible to the human eye, we shall find, before the story is finished, that the guardian angels of the little ones were surely there.

The large mirror, bright in the moonlight, seemed to have an irresistible attraction for the negro; and the sight of her black face fully reflected there, made her show her white teeth in a grin of decided approval. The pleased expression, however, disappeared almost instantly, as she said, impatiently, 'Foolish darkey, spendin' dese precious time looking at your own black face?'

At this whispered exclamation, the children stirred uneasily. 'If I mus', I mus'!' said Daph resolutely, as she drew from her pocket a box containing two small pills. With the pills in her hand she approached the bedside of the little girl, who was now half sitting up, and looking at Daph with the bewildered expression of one suddenly aroused from sleep.

DAPH AND HER CHARGE.

Daph put aside the mosquito bar, and said coaxingly, 'Take dis, Miss Lou, quick as you can, and don't go for waking Massa Charley, asleep da aside of you.'

Daph had slipped the pill into a juicy bit of pine-apple, which she seemed to have had ready for the purpose, and the child instantly swallowed it. With one trustful pleasant glance from her large blue eyes the little girl sank back on her pillow, and was soon in the sweet sleep of innocence.

As soon as Daph saw the small, slender hands lie open and relaxed, she stole round to the side of the little boy. She raised his head gently on her arm, and placed in his mouth a bit of the same juicy fruit she had given his sister, containing another of those hidden pills, which she seemed so anxious to administer. The child did not wake; but the sweet morsel was pleasant to his taste, and no doubt mingled in his baby-dreams of the joys of the pleasant world in which he had passed but a short time.

Daph now set to work busily to fill a huge basket, which she brought from some place of deposit near at hand. The drawers of the bureau, and the contents of the elegant dressing-case she thoroughly overhauled, making such selections as seemed to please her fancy, and being withal somewhat dainty in her choice. Children's clothing, of the finest and best, formed the lowest layer in the basket; then followed

a sprinkling of rings and necklaces, interspersed with the choice furniture of the rich dressing-case. Over all was placed a large white shawl, with its many soft folds, and then Daph viewed the success of her packing with much satisfaction.

Quietly and stealthily she approached the bed, where the little girl was sleeping so soundly that she did not wake, even when Daph lifted her in her strong arms, and laid her gently in the great basket—the choicest treasure of all. In another moment the plump rosy boy was lying with his fairy-like sister, in that strange resting place. Daph looked at them as they lay side by side, and a tear rolled over her dark cheeks, and as it fell, sparkled in the moonlight.

The negro had taken up a white cloth, and was in the act of throwing it over the basket, when a small book with golden clasps suddenly caught her eye; rolling it quickly in a soft, rich veil, she placed it between the children, and her task was done. It was but the work of a moment to fasten on the cloth covering with a very stout string; then with one strong effort, Daph stooped, took the basket on her head, and went forth from the door with as stately a step as if she wore a crown.

(To be continued.)

Piyara.

(Margaret Cameron Davis, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

A little Hindu girl sat one morning in the shade of a tall plantain tree, grinding corn. Her chuddar was pulled well over her face, hiding all of it except a rosy mouth and a round, olive-tinted chin. As she worked, however, the head covering slipped up and showed a straight little nose and long lashes, startling black even against the dark cheek. But, as a quick movement sent the chuddar down on her shoulders, the child's prettiness turned almost to grotesqueness, for the head, instead of having the wealth of glossy black hair needed as a frame for the face, was closely shaven, and the little brown ears were torn and disfigured.

Near the girl in the doorway of the little thatched house of sun-dried brick her father sat watching her.

'Piyara,' he said, gently.

She rose quickly and stood before him.

Why didn't he let her grind, she thought, for, perhaps, when she had finished, she might play with the little white kitten. It did not care if her hair had all been cut off. It has been two months, two such long months, since the old women of the village had come one day while she played with the other children, and had told her that her boy husband was dead. Then they had beaten her and torn off her ornaments; her playmates had drawn away from her and joined in the curses the old women pronounced—awful curses to hear from any lips—but from children's! She had cried bitterly when the earrings had been torn out. It had hurt so! And now, as she thought again of that awful day, she shivered and drew her chuddar closely around her.

'Piyara, my child, I have thought long of thee. Thou art my only child and the gods have denied me a son. For two whole months I have done unto thee as our priests command concerning widows. I will do so no longer. To-morrow thou shalt put on thy bright tinsel-trimmed chuddar. They shall not shave thy head again. Thou shalt not fast save on our holy days. Thy jewels have gone to thy husband's family; but I have a bracelet of gold—it was thy mother's and I have ever kept it with me. Thou shalt wear it.'

As he spoke of bright clothes and jewels the child shrank back in terror.

Before he could stop her she was gone. Poor child, she felt that kindness would mean only one thing. Her lot was hard, but there was a harder—to be sold. Down by the river, whither she ran blindly, she cried herself into an exhausted sleep, and when she opened her eyes again her father sat beside her, watching her patiently. He smiled down at her and said, 'Poor little one, didst thou think I could part with thee—my only child?'

'Nay, thou art to live in my house as my daughter and not as Sher Sinjh's widow,' he said, almost doggedly, as though he were already facing his kinsmen, who, he knew, would wear him out over the matter.

Next morning, when Piyara went to the village well, wearing a bright chuddar instead of the coarse white one—the widow's badge—there was a great outcry. The women questioned her, and when she answered that she was to live as a married daughter in her father's house, they screamed shrilly. One woman struck her fiercely and sent her home crying in terror. 'Let me put on my old clothes. The women say I am wicked and will defile the well,' she sobbed, when she found her father.

'The gods forgive me! I did not mean that thou shouldst go to the well alone this morning. Give me the water pot; I will fill it myself.'

But at the well he found the priest and men of the village whom the women's cries had attracted. 'Golok Nath, what is this thy daughter speaks, saying she is not to live as a widow?' demanded the priest.

'She hath spoken the truth. I will not starve her and keep her sad and shaven.'

The villagers turned to the priest in horror. What should be done to a man who dared defy the customs of the land? The priest, however, remembered that Golok Nath was rich, and said wisely: 'Take back thy words and offer a great gift to Vishnu, lest I curse thee.'

'Listen, Golok Nath. Thou are not the first to lift thy voice against custom. The desire to change the things that hurt comes to many of us in youth. Thou wouldst save the little one? Knowest not that this is her destiny? Give her ease here and thou but delayest her punishment and addest to the wrath of the gods. She is one accursed, for whom there is no happiness except through suffering here. Thou wilt lay up trouble for thyself also. She is but a woman. Wilt thou put thy confidence in weakness and lose thy friends and break thy caste for a woman? Will she repay thee? Nay, one day when she hath grown strong and beautiful, she will tire of the lonely life which thou must lead and she will leave thee for gayer companions. Wilt thou sink her lower than the lowest and lose all thyself?'

'What I have said I will do,' answered Golok Nath. Then he added slowly: 'Our ancient books say also in one place that "where the women of a family live in grief that family shall wholly perish." Who is right, those who wrote our holy books, or our priests who—'

The priest interrupted with a yell of fury. 'Thou! a man of unclean lips, darest thou speak of the law? Dost thou teach us? Away! cursed art thou! No water mayst thou draw from the well. No one may give thee food or drink lest the gods smite him. Thou art cut off from thy people and thy father's land, and in death none shall pray for thee.'

At the first words of the curse Golok Nath turned slowly and walked toward his house. The crowd pressed closely after him, and someone, as the priest ended, threw a stone. Piyara, who had been watching at the door for his return, saw the stone strike him and ran toward her father. High above the clamor of the crowd the priest's voice rose in hate:—'Touch him not. He is unclean. He is an outcast, cursed of the gods.'

True to all the training of her ten short years she ran back in alarm and the crowd laughed and shouted, 'See, she hateth thee already.' The child's action, however, was one of instinctive obedience to the priest's command; obedience was the one clear idea her mind caught from the tangle of the thoughts in her poor brain, and her flight was almost a reflex one for self-preservation. But when a second stone was sent with surer aim and she saw her father fall to the ground, she ran back to him. The stone had made an ugly wound, and the frightened child, crying bitterly, knelt and staunched the blood flowing from it with her gay red chuddar, until her father opened his eyes again and smiled at her. The two were alone now, for the people, alarmed at their own violence, had gone quietly away to talk the matter over.

That night Golok Nath and Piyara, hand in hand, started to find a new home; and after many days reached a nook in the Sewalic Hills; there, beside a little spring, they began their lonely life, with only one another and the small furry and feathered children of the woods for company. Golok Nath taught the girl to read, and together they studied the sacred books of Hinduism: the girl to please her father and the man to find truth and peace. For four years they lived beside the spring.

One morning he sat by the spring, book in hand, but with thoughts far away, when a tall Englishman came up the path, and not seeing Golok Nath, stooped to drink from the bubbling spring.

'Will the sahib have a cup?' asked the Brahman gently.

The old Englishman took the little brass drinking cup, but instead of using it, looked curiously at Golok Nath and said: 'You are a Brahman and yet offer me your cup!'

'I hold to the older laws and they enjoin hospitality. Besides,' he added, with a smile, 'our holy law saith in one place that if a man retain the whole of the Rig Veda in his memory he may be forgiven any sin.

Then they sat beside the spring and talked of many curious things; and, somehow, Golok Nath found himself opening his heart and telling the story of Piyara and his fear for the future.

When he spoke, Piyara came running lightly down the hill. 'See, father, dear one, see what I have found—a little bird tangled in the grass. We will set it free together, and in the days to come it will

sing glad songs for us.' Then seeing a stranger she drew her veil and was silent.

'It is well, my child. We will give the bird its freedom: Go now to thy lessons for a while.'

The stranger watched the girl for a moment. Turning to Golok Nath, he said: 'You have done the noblest thing I have known of in all this land and I have known of many noble things done here. It is such an act as One long ago did for us that we through his sufferings might find freedom.'

For a while they sat, each thinking his own thoughts. Golok dreaming of the old village life; and the practical man of the world searching for some way to help the Brahman to whom his heart went out in sympathy. He realized more clearly than Golok Nath, that any day might end the peace and quiet of the home by the spring. Others would stumble upon it as he had done. The story of the girl's beauty would filter down to the city where beauty always brought great prices. To capture her would be an easy matter; and in some wealthy harem she would be as lost to her father as if the earth should suddenly open and then silently close back over her again. 'You know,' he said at last, 'there is a school for girls in the city. She would be cared for now and after your death.'

'She is my own soul. How can I part with her? They of the school are Christians and would steal her heart from me.'

No more was said about the matter then, and neither did Golok Nath speak of Piyara again during the frequent visits of the Englishman to the spring. Indeed, the new companionship appeared to have cleared away his cloud of depression. One day, however, fear came back. He had been in the habit of going once a week to the city for supplies, and once as he went down the hill, a sudden turn in the path brought him face to face with an evil-looking fellow who started to hide, but seeing that he was already observed, passed on. Golok Nath, too, went on, but not far. A presentiment of danger to Piyara grew, and at last he went quickly back by another path to the spring. Here he saw a sight that made him sick at heart. Piyara sat spinning, a pretty picture; back of her, with horrid gloating eyes, stood the man he had met on the path. The wretch caught sight of Golok Nath and shrank quickly away, but left a rope on the ground forgotten.

The father's heart died within him. All he had dreaded had come; and Piyara was no longer safe. In that instant of deep trouble he made a great decision; or, perhaps, it had been made unconsciously the day the old Englishman spoke of the school, and that very afternoon he took her to the city.

He left Piyara in the cool, vine-covered verandah while he talked to the motherly English woman who came to greet him.

'It is the end of my life; she is my all. Yet I would rather die than have her live as she must among my people—she is a widow.'

But the sympathetic woman would not let him go back to the hills. 'Stay with your daughter and let her keep your house here in the compound. We need just such a man as you. Your scholarship will be invaluable to my husband.'

Long the man stood lost in deep thought, and she urged again: 'Stay and study our language, that you may help us translate our sacred Book into your tongue, and let your daughter be trained in ways of womanhood by the women whom God has lifted out of the hopeless misery from which you have tried to save your child.'

Still he pondered the matter. 'Is it your Christian books you would ask me to study?' he asked at last.

'Yes,' she answered, quietly. 'Do you fear to compare ours with yours? You have sought truth long. What if there be a later, a higher truth concerning the One God you worship, would you miss it? You who have suffered so much for truth?'

He answered, 'I will stay.'

Post-Office Crusade.

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT FOR INDIA.

At the Dominion W.C.T.U., lately held in Ottawa, Mrs. Sanderson, the president of the Quebec W. C. T. U., spoke of Miss Dunhill, National W. C. T. U. organizer for India, and the importance of sending all the help possible to India. One of the most practical things we can do is to pour 'Northern Messengers' into India. So let the Sunday-school Superintendents read the following article to the children and mark the result, which will be a Christmas Gift through the whole year for India.

The extracts from Miss Dunhill's own letter will also interest both the children and grown-ups.

It is due to the Editor of the Children's Corner of the Leaflet that the 'Northern Messenger' first became the special organ for our work. An undenominational, temperance, non-tobacco-using, live Christian paper was wanted, and she said: 'Why not use the 'Messenger.'

Why not have a superintendent of this work in each Sunday-school where this paper goes, and pour out a stream from Canada into India? It can be done—do it, will you not?

E. Miller, of Macdonald's, very kindly sends $1.00 to send 'Messenger' to India. The paper will be ordered at once to Miss Dunhill, 12 S. Parade, Bangalore, India, and will head the list of this fresh contingent which will surely rally to the work of making India a better country.

Rejoice with us. The money is all in the bank for another native preacher.

The money will be sent on as soon as arrangements can be made to have this work of engaging native preachers under undenominational control. The money is contributed by people of all denominations, and must be an undenominational work.

Faithfully yours,

M. EDWARDS-COLE,
112 Irvine ave.,
Westmount.

A Children's Crusade.

Many hundred years ago the Christian men and women of Europe were roused to such a pitch of enthusiasm by the thought that the Saviour's tomb, and the city of the Saviour's death, and the land in which the Saviour lived and worked, were in the hands of an infidel nation who did not believe in him or love him, that they gathered themselves together in great armies, marched over scorching plains and dangerous mountains, crossed stormy seas, braved a thousand unknown perils, and fought with millions of fierce foes that they might make that land and tomb their own. Their wars were called Crusades, or Wars of the Cross, from a Latin word 'crux' which means cross.

Once thousands of little children gathered to go on a crusade of their own, but the poor little mites came to a sorry end. Thousands of them died of hunger and of hardship, many were shipwrecked, and more than we can tell were sold into slavery, before ever they could reach their Holy Land. This is known as the Children's Crusade.

Now this thought brings us to the 'Post-Office Crusade.' Away across two oceans and a continent in far-off India are millions of boys and girls to whom the love of Jesus is all unknown, and who are without all the benefits that a knowledge of that love and life has brought to the children of this land of ours. One of the greatest of these blessings is the great supply of good papers and magazines. But in all that land of India there is not a paper published for its boys and girls.

Now, the Post-Office Crusade is a war of the Cross whose soldiers are the men and women, the boys and girls of Canada, and the weapons they use are great and good thoughts printed in good words packed into the Sunday-school and temperance papers of the country, a paper like the 'Northern Messenger,' that tell not only directly of the life and work of Jesus, but contain such thousands and thousands of all kinds of good things that nobody can read them without gaining something.

Can you not and will you not keep your papers clean and neat, set apart a portion of your spending money, be it little or much, for postage, and become one of the little warrior knights in this twentieth century crusade.

Your bundles of papers can be sent to:

Miss Dunhill, 12 S. Parade, Bangalore, India.

Remember to pay the full postage of one cent on every two ounces. Do up the papers firmly and send her also your name and address. Then she will acknowledge your gifts in this little paper.

London, England.

Dear Readers of the 'Post-Office Crusade':

May I suggest you kindly send papers that tell of the evils of tobacco? Smoking is increasing alarmingly. A Hindu woman travelling in my railway carriage put her cigar into her two-year-old babe's little mouth. It is stated that the increase—cigarettes—is 987., and that the officiating collector of customs in one of our great cities writes: 'Such a trade should have unlimited possibilities before it!'

I commend you and your work to God, while you pray for the Post-Office Crusade, offer praise for its birth. The Lord's word is 'Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me.'

With grateful thoughts for all our helpers, yours for victory,

H. E. DUNHILL.

Autumn Offers.

See the special autumn offers announced in this issue. The boys and girls have the opportunity of securing a premium and at the same time extend the usefulness of the 'Messenger' by circulating it among their friends.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Heart of Christmas

(Mrs. Joseph D. Burrell, in 'New York Observer.')

Margaret sat before the blazing fire in the library, tired out. She had been shopping all day and was weary from the noise and press of the crowds. Her bundles lay piled on the sofa near by, and as she rested she reviewed their contents. 'There's mother's ivory brush,' she commented. 'That monogram is beautifully carved, and I am sure she will be delighted with it. For father, there's the set of books that he wanted; for Harry, there are the skates and the leather boxes for his bureau, and for Midget, the big doll and the dishes. I wonder if it pays to get that child such pretty things, when she breaks them so quickly? But Christmas comes but once a year, and I love to please the child. And there are the things for the girls; for Betty the set of veil pins, and for Helen the brass book stand; and the presents for the servants are not here yet. That's all, and I think I've done pretty well, and not been extravagant, but—' she shrugged up her shoulders ruefully—'I've spent all of my next month's allowance, every cent of it!' Just then the door opened, and Margaret's mother came in.

'Tired out?' she inquired. 'Well, I don't wonder. The crowds are dreadful this year, even as far ahead of Christmas as this. Have you finished all your shopping?'

'Yes, I have everything, I think,' said Margaret. 'But, mother, I've had to draw all my January money from the bank. I had to pay for my tailor suit in November, and that with the hat from madame's took part of the December money, and my furs and the dinner dress took the rest, so I simply had to draw on my future. Father won't like it.'

Mrs. Allison looked grave. The girl was young and attractive, and had always had the same pretty things the other girls had had, and she had grown into the way of spending more on them each year from her generous allowance, until it was practically all spent on herself. But before she could speak the door again opened, and Margaret's two especial friends came in. They greeted Mrs. Allison warmly, and then turned to her. 'You've been shopping all day, you extravagant girl,' said one. 'What a pile of parcels! Did you get lovely things?'

'Sweet!' said Margaret enthusiastically. 'I can't very well open everything, for you know perfectly well your own things are in that heap. It's no use pretending after all these years, is it? But if mother will kindly go and see what Midget wants, I'll show you some others.'

Mrs. Allison rose smiling. 'I'm getting accustomed to removing myself,' she said cheerfully. 'Harry and Midget have kept me going from one room to another all day. I am sure my stocking must be going to overflow.'

The girls unfastened the parcels given them and exclaimed over the carved ivory brush, the set of books and the other pretty things.

'You have such good taste in choosing,' said Helen, the girl with what was known as Fortunatus's purse. 'I spend twice as much as you do on my things and get celluloid and plated silver and pressed glass for my money. Even Betty, who calls herself poor, somehow gets lovely things. How do you do it, I'd like to know? Witchcraft, I call it.' The girls laughed together. Then Betty said slowly:

'I'm feeling guilty enough over the few little things I've bought, anyway. I feel as though I'd stolen the money. You see I've just come from a committee meeting of the missionary society and heard something I cannot forget.' Margaret sighed.

'That society again,' she said discontentedly. 'You are getting simply morbid, Betty. I would not have believed after all you have done for it this year, you would let it spoil your Christmas. What is it now?'

'Well, girls, it is something new. Some one, a stranger, came and talked to us about arranging a meeting for Christmas Eve, each one to bring a gift to Christ, because it is his birthday. He said that in America alone probably a hundred million dollars were spent each year in Christmas gifts, and of that scarcely one cent was given to him. And then he quoted the words of the Bible about the Wise Men: "They fell down and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasure they presented him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh." He said we had changed all that. We no longer give him Christmas gifts, but one another, and while we say we do it in remembrance of him, it is really an exchange of so much which takes no account of him at all.

'I tell you, girls, it made me unhappy. It is so true. All our lives we have given each other and all our friends, freely, and doled out little sums from time to time during the year to the cause he loved best; we gave them grudgingly enough too, sometimes, and wished we dared refuse. Haven't we gone often to missonary meeting and dropped dimes into the plate and gone home to spend dollars on ourselves? And at Christmas time of all seasons, to forget him and his special cause, the spreading of the "good news" the angels sang about Oh, my Christmas is spoiled, I tell you.'

The girls sat silent. 'They offered him gifts!' The words rang in their ears. They were all three Christians, church members, and loyal helpers in all good works. They believed in missions and had always given to them, as they had thought conscientiously. But how little the sum was after all, compared to what they had spent on themselves! And now, at Christmas time, they had remembered every one they loved—except Christ, their best Friend, whose day it was. They had no gift for him.

By and by Helen rose. 'It's late,' she said, 'I must go home. I've nothing to say, for I'm ashamed, except that it's all true, and next year I won't let myself be cheated out of my Christmas as I have this year.'

After they had gone, Margaret sat still by the fire thinking. Could she still manage to give some present to Christ on his birthday? It would mean the strictest economy all the rest of the winter, if she did, and she knew her father would certainly be seriously vexed, if she ran still further in debt to the allowance he gave her on the understanding she would keep strictly within it. If she could get the money in spite of this she would have to curtail the price of the wedding present she must give, the new gown she really needed for teas, and the little trip she had planned for the early spring.

Mr. Allison was at least nominally a Christian man, but his life was spent in making money, and he expected his wife and children to do their duty and his as well, in church work and giving. He gave Mrs. Allison a bill for the collection for missions when the time came around, or if he was not too tired to go to church, he put it in the plate himself. But he had no such interest in these things that Margaret felt she could not talk the matter over with him. Still, that evening she sat down by him and confessed her unwise and top lavish expenditures and her indebtedness to herself for more money than she was entitled to for some time. And then she said coaxingly:

'Now, father, don't you think I deserve some reward for being honest in at least telling you all this? And "won't you please excuse me and forgive me," as Midget says, "and trust me a little more?" I do want something for a very especial Christmas present, and if you will give me something from my February money, just as much as you will let me have, I'll promise to economize tremendously and keep within my allowance all the rest of the year.'

Mr. Allison thought the matter over carefully. She had certainly been extravagant and had managed her money very badly. He was tempted to refuse her request. Still, it was the Christmas time, and he did not like to be too hard upon her. Perhaps the economy she would have to practice would do her good, and if she promised to keep within limits the rest of the year, the experiment would pay. So he drew out a ten dollar bill and gave it to her.

'You may have so much, Margaret,' he said, 'so much and no more; and I expect you to do better after this.'

The girl smiled a little sadly as she took the money. 'I will indeed manage a great, great deal better after this, father,' she said as she thanked him. When the missionary meeting came on Christmas Eve, Margaret was present, and gave the treasurer an envelope marked 'A Christmas Gift for Missions.'

She felt her heart a little lighter, but still her happy day was marred by the remembrance of the tardy gift that she had made to Christ.

As the new year opened, Margaret's quickened conscience made her more than usually faithful in the society of which she was a member. She accepted an office and was faithful to it. She began to read in the little library just put into the church, and with growing interest. The life and death of Good in Africa, the brilliant career and tragic end of Hannington, the history of the Martyr Isle, the story of China of late years, the Siege of Pekin, the heroism of the missionaries and the even more wonderful heroism of the native converts, all filled her with pity and wonder, while the books about the women of India stirred her with unspeakable horror and indignation. Nothing she had ever read seemed to her so marvellous

as these recitals of wonderful endurance, of joyful service, of cheerful death. As the months went by she denied herself more and more to put something into her Christmas box 'Not frankincense or myrrh,' she whispered to herself, 'but gold! This year I shall have a real gift as the Wise Men brought, to give him on his birthday.'

'When will you have your new tailor suit, Madge?' asked Betty anxiously one day in November. 'Remember, I need to copy it, and hurry up.'

Margaret laughed lightly. This copying of her clothes by the clever Betty, who could not afford those made by tailors, was a standing joke between all the girls. 'Copy my last year's suit,' she said gaily. 'It's all I shall have this year, for I can't afford a new one. You know I began in debt last spring, and I have had to be very economical ever since. Beside, I have something special on hand for a present this Christmas, and must be careful.'

Betty looked interested. 'What is it?' she asked. 'Are you going to get something extra nice for your mother? You said last year that this you should get her one of those lovely dessert services that we saw, and they did cost a lot.'

'No,' said Margaret slowly, 'I am not going to get that, though I am going to get her just as nice a present as usual. I believe in doing all you can for your own, especially at Christmas; but that's not it. I am going to do something else, as I have said.'

'What can it be?' Betty put her chin in her hands and sat in a brown study, to Margaret's amusement. Before she had come to a conclusion Helen came in.

'Let's go shopping, girls,' she said. 'It's early, but the Christmas things are all out, and even if we don't want to buy today we can see what there is.'

The girls went readily enough. They were young and light-hearted, and any sort of a good time appealed to them. Helen bought some lovely things rather recklessly, and Betty a few simple ones, most cautiously, while Margaret surprised them both by spending her money more carefully than they had ever known her to do before. Toward the end of the afternoon she left them to make a call, and the other girls walked home withou ther.

'What has come over Madge?' asked Helen wonderingly. 'Don't you think she has changed?'

Betty hesitated. It was not easy to speak of serious things to Helen, for she laughed so easily at everything before she stopped to think. But she said, 'I heard Margaret say the other day that she had never until recently thought of those words, "The silver and the gold are his," and they had made her feel she had not spent her money as she should. Perhaps she had that in mind in shopping.'

Helen stopped short. 'Of course that was it,' she said. 'What a wretch I am not to have thought of it, too. Betty, what do you mean by not reminding me to be good? It does seem sometimes as though we had no religion in us. Here we are, professing Christians, and what does it all amount to? Do you remember last year just at this time we talked of bringing a special gift to missions as a Christmas offering, and I declare, I've never given it a thought since. The meeting will be here in no time, and I haven't a cent.' She threw out her hands tragically.

Betty sighed. 'Well, we are careless enough, certainly. I've not much in my Christmas box for my gift, but still it is better than a year ago, I'm thankful to say.'

'Well,' said Helen emphatically, 'you hear my vow, Betty Williams. Another year I will have a gift to give that amounts to something for my Christmas offering. Never again shall I feel so mean, so humiliated as I do this minute. I had fair warning last year, and I simply forgot all about it; but this next year you'll see. No nice clothes, no lunch parties downtown, no squandered car fares till missions are taken care of.'

The night for the offering came. The rooms were bright, and the young people were full of Christmas spirit as they all sang, as one by one they passed up to the table to lay down their Christmas boxes:

'As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold,
As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare,
We our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.'

When Margaret laid hers on the table, it was with a look of gladness and peace. Already her gift had returned to her fourfold. When the treasurer opened the boxes, one held gold pieces alone, not many nor large, but all bright, shining gold. A slip of paper lay with them.

'And they opened their treasures and presented unto him gifts; gold.'

Another year brought reverses in business to Mr. Allison. Money invested as he thought safely, slipped away. Investments proved valueless. Even the lovely home had to be given up and the family moved to a quiet street. Margaret had no tailor suit again this year, but became a bread winner, and in her spare hours she learned to do cooking and housework, and to make over her gowns for the fast growing little sister. She had to be the light of the home, for her mother was depressed by their hardships and comparative poverty, and her father overworked and full of care.

When winter came, Margaret began to think anxiously of her Christmas gifts. For the family she had dainty things, she had made herself during the summer when most of her pupils had been away. 'Quite as good as cut glass and silver and fine editions,' she murmured, smiling at her fancy as she laid them away. But her Christmas box—it was for the present there she trembled. True, it was heavy enough as she weighed it in her hand, but she knew too well that was because pennies were almost alone in it. She lingered a long time over the fastenings as she opened it.

A heap of copper rolled into her lap, mixed with a few bits of silver scattered through the mass. She frowned at it as she began to divide it into piles. How squalid it looked! How unlike the shining, clean bits of gold of last year! Still, she had done her best; her Christmas gift was a real one, representing self-denial, and so it was not unworthy of being offered, after all. Pennies or gold, it was that which counted. She comforted herself with the thought as she divided the money and began to count. One dollar, two dollars, three dollars, who could have believed pennies could add up so? The nickels made nearly four, and the dimes and quarters—Margaret held her breath—could it be true? She actually had five dollars, and one dime over to begin another year! It did seem too good to be true. Five dollars? She could change that into a gold piece and once more she would have a Christmas gift such as the Wise Men brought to Christ to give him on his birthday.

So the meeting came around, and again the young people sang:

'As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold,
As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare,
We our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.'

And in Margaret's box lay the one small gold piece, and with it the words of the year before:

'And they opened their treasures and presented unto him gifts; gold—'

Betty and Helen had Christmas gifts, too, in their boxes, real ones, brought with self-denial, though one was only a small handful of silver and the other a large roll of bills.

Three years later many changes had come into the lives of the three girls. Betty was married, and had a small daughter to keep her hands and heart busy. Helen had become the comfort of her mother, now a hopeless invalid. Margaret alone felt herself less important in the home than she had been. Her father had won back his old position in the business world, Midget and Harry were fast growing up, strong and hearty, sensible and good, while her mother had never been so happy as now, when all was prosperous and bright ahead. Never before had Margaret had so much time for deep thought, so much time for work outside the home. Christmas time was coming near, and her box again held gold pieces, more than one, this year; yet the girl was not satisfied.

'It's all too easy,' she said to Betty. 'I have more music pupils than I know how to take, and my money has accumulated, for father is doing so well he will not let me spend a cent on the family now. I keep thinking over those words, "I will not give to the Lord of that which shall cost me nothing," and I feel as though my gift does not count. After all, Betty, give as we will, what does it really cost us, in the sense that Christ's Christmas giving to us cost him? "Though he was rich yet for our sakes he became poor." We never approach such giving as that. My box is well filled this year, but I am not satisfied. The more I know of his work the more I see that money isn't everything, and my Christmas gift this time disappoints me.'

The weeks passed rapidly. It was the last Christmas the Allisons would spend in the little home, for the first of the year they were going back to the old one. Every one was cheerful. Christmas must be especially bright this time. Mr. Allison was a different man, for trouble had brought him closer to his family and his church, and the missionary books which Margaret had read so often had influenced his giving as well as hers.

'I feel as though we ought to mark this Christmas by some special thank offering,' said Mrs. Allison, one day not long before the time came.

Mr. Allison took up the thought. 'You are right,' he said. 'I have been thinking the same thing. What shall we give? Shall we fill your box for you this time, Madge? Full of big gold pieces?'

Margaret sat silent, the strange look on her face deepening. The moment had come for which she had watched. Her heart beat so that she could hear its throbs. She sat silent a moment, then she said slowly:

'Do you mean it, father? Would you and mother like to give a thank offering that will cost you something? Then—will you give me?'

Evergreen and holly decorated the room where the missionary society met on that Christmas Eve. Peace and good will were in the very air. They sang again:

'As with gladness men of old,
Did the guiding star behold,
As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare,
We our choicest treasures bring,
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.'

The pastor was present, and he rose as last of all Margaret advanced to the table to lay there her golden gift and detained her.

'We have each done our best to-night to bring a worthy offering to Christ on his birthday, but this dear girl has done more than we. She has found out the heart of Christmas. Beside the gift in her box such as the Wise Men brought, she has given another gift more precious—herself. Margaret is going as a foreign missionary from our church.'

A Happy Hour.

Ralph wanted to go fishing. Uncle Jim had sent him a fine new rod, line and a hook, and he was eager to try them. But—'of course there's always a "but" in the way,' he thought crossly.

One look into his mother's suffering face drove all the anger away, for he really loved her.

'Now, mamsy dear, I didn't know your head ached so hard. I'll take Alice down to the bench in the garden and keep her still.'

Poor mamma gave Ralph a rather tearful smile, and went to her room to rest.

A whole hour and a half passed happily before Ralph knew it, and sister Sue was home from school.

'It isn't too late to try your new rod now, Ralph,' she said.

When Ralph came home at supper time with his string of fish, mother met him with a loving kiss. The pain had all gone, thanks to the little boy who really loved his mother.—'Western Christian Union.'

Special Clubbing Offer.

'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only $1.00 for both. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries excepting United States and its dependencies, also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Grandma's Tumble

'I do not think it suitable for such an occasion; besides, it is your best and only nice dress for the winter, and you would be sure to ruin it at the skating party. Your blue flannel is more appropriate in every way, and—'

'I won't hurt it, mamma, indeed I—'

'That will do, Doris. Say no more about it, for mother knows best. Now run up to grandma's room and see if she has the tape-measure.'

With tears in her eyes and rebellion in her heart, Doris rose to obey.

'I've a good mind to wear it, anyway,' she thought. 'Mamma 'll be over to Aunt Annie's all that day, and will never know. I wouldn't hurt it the least bit, for I'd be ever so careful. I'll do it, I just will,' she decided, as she slowly mounted the stairs.

'Has Doris come to help grandma sort her pieces for patchwork?' inquired grandma, smiling over her spectacles.

'No; mamma wants the tape-measure. But I'd like to help you, and I'll come back soon 's ever I can, for I just love to see all those old-fashioned pieces.'

Doris was back again in a few minutes, and her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure as she saw the large pile of pieces on the bed.

They worked busily for a long time, and it was hard to tell which was happier, Doris or grandma.

'Who had a dress like this?' asked Doris presently holding up a scrap of pretty red merino.

'That, dear, is a piece of the first short dress your father ever had.'

'How funny, that papa was once a little baby! It doesn't seem 's if he ever could have been so little, does it, grandma?'

There was a tender, far-away look in grandma's eyes, and the little girl received no answer.

'And this piece! O, isn't it pretty? And those darling little forget-me-nots! Who did have a dress like that?'

Grandma took the dimity from the eager little fingers, and smoothed it lovingly, while a look half-sad, half-amused, flitted across her face.

'There is a story connected with that dress, Doris. Let me see—'twas just 55 years ago to-morrow that Honor Rollins gave her party. It was her twelfth birthday, and twelve little girls, I among the number, were invited. It was my first party, and, of course, I wished to look my best. My new dress—that dimity is a piece—had just been finished and hung in the best-room closet, and, until the day of the party, I had expected to wear it. But when I went downstairs that morning, mother said: "The Fenderson baby is very sick, and they've sent for me. I can't tell how soon I'll be back. You may wear your organdy and pink ribbons to the party. I think you can dress yourself alone without any trouble, can you not?'

'I felt a choking in my throat and could not answer, as I thought I couldn't wear the old dress. It was clean and whole, to be sure, but made over from one of my Aunt Delight's. It was white, and covered with bright-green polka-dots that I had always thought hideous.'

'Poor grandma,' said Doris, sympathetically, thinking to herself, 'her mother was lots like mine, and I wonder if grandma was ever bad like me.'

'We children,' grandma continued, 'were brought up to obey without question; but this once I broke the rule, and begged to be allowed to wear my new frock.

'"No, Prudence," said mother, "the old one is plenty good enough. Be a good girl, and remember that pretty is that pretty does."

'Doris, I did a very naughty thing. After mother had gone, and my stint was done, I went to the best room, got out the dress and put it on. I had not meant to wear it, but it was so pretty I hadn't the heart to take it off. So, stifling my conscience with the thought that I'd get home early, and mother 'd never know, I slipped quietly out of the house, and sped away to the party.

'I was very unhappy, and only once forgot my misery all that long day.'

'Poor, dear grandma,' whispered Doris, patting her grandmother's hand lovingly.

'After we had played all we cared to in the house, we went to the barn to play at hide-and-seek.'

'What a funny game to play at a party, grandma.'

'Not in those days, dear. Everything has changed since I was a little girl, you must remember.'

'Course they have, I didn't think; but go on, grandma, I won't int'rupt again.'

'We were having such a good time that I had forgotten all about my dress, when, running across the hay-strewn floor, I felt something give way, and I fell down, down—'

'Where, grandma?' cried Doris, quickly, forgetting her promise not to interrupt.

'Into the pig-pen under the barn. The four big pigs ran up and began to root all around me and chew my dress. I screamed with fright and Mr. Rollins, who was working near by, ran to my rescue.

'"Well, if you ain't a sight," he said, as he picked me up.

'Kind Mrs. Rollins wanted to wash me and change my dress, but I begged to go home at once just as I was, so they let me have my way. Mother met me at the door with a look of surprise and dismay on her face.

'"Prudence—Delight—Armstrong!" was all she said.

'I sprang into her arms, and sobbed out all my misery and penitence, and was forgiven. My pretty dress was ruined, though, and I was obliged to wear the despised organdy all that summer. Mother said that was punishment enough.'

'I think so too, grandma,' said Doris, looking very red. 'And I've decided to obey mamma always. May I have this piece of cloth to keep to help me to remember?'

And grandma never knew of the lesson she had unconsciously taught, nor did her mamma know, until long years after, why Doris so willingly wore the blue woollen gown to the skating party.—Minnie B. Caldwell, in 'Chicago Record.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Dec., 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Helen and the Little Raccoon

('Christian Advocate.')

'But, papa, wouldn't it be queer to buy something and then let the ones you buy it from go on keeping it just the same?'

'It does look a little that way, girlie; but this is an unusual case.'

Helen pouted. 'I don't like un—un—usual cases,' she said.

Her papa made no answer. He had come to realize that his daughter Helen was growing to be very selfish, and he was taking a very loving way to win her out of it. So he kept quiet and let the little girl think.

'Papa!'

'Yes, girlie.'

'The Humisons want to sell the little raccoon. They want to sell it to you because they need the money. And you will give more for it than anyone else.'

'Well?'

'They want this money to buy shoes and books, so that Jamie can keep at school. And they want to buy lots of things for Lina—the little lame girl.'

'Yes, dear.'

'And—Jamie and Lina and Mrs. Humison all say that they'd rather I would have the little raccoon than anybody else.'

'Yes, I see. If somebody else must have their little pet they'd rather that somebody were you?'

'Y-es, papa.'

Again the two walked on in silence. Presently a bright thought came to Helen. She turned to look up into her father's face.

'Why, papa, if—if they are so very poor, how can they afford to feed the little raccoon? You don't want them to take the money that should go for shoes and other things and use it all up in that way, do you?'

'No, dear. I was going to let you buy the food and carry it over every day, when you go over for an hour to play with your new pet. And I hoped that you'd want to take the children some of the fruit and the other good things that are given to you—perhaps an occasional toy that you think you could spare.'

'Why, I don't like this at all,' said Helen, with a fling of her head. 'I think we'd better not buy the raccoon.'

'Very well. Shall we turn about?'

'We—we might just go and look at it, papa. It is so dear and cunning!'

They were soon at the Humison's door. Lina's chair was close to the window. She held her furry pet in her arms, and though she smiled at Helen, it was not a very glad smile.

As Mr. Gray and Helen entered the little raccoon threw his front paws about Lina's neck, tucked his three-cornered head under his chin, and clung to her faded woollen gown.

Helen ran forward. 'See, papa! Isn't he a dear? Gumbo! Gumbo! won't you come to me?'

But Gumbo wouldn't come. He blinked one little gimlet eye at Helen and made himself as flat as he could against Lina's waist.

Then Helen held up the skirt of her gown and rattled some peanuts in the pocket. Gumbo turned his sharp ears forward, then reached his little black kid hands out, and hunted among the folds until he found the pocket, when he tucked one hand in, brought out a nut, and sat back upon his haunches to eat it.

Everyone laughed. When Gumbo had eaten the nut he caught hold of Helen's skirt again and pulled it nearly off trying to find the pocket again.

'See, papa! How much he knows. Isn't he dear?'

'Very, and I think he is dear to Lina, is he not?'

For an answer Lina held the little creature close to her heart and lifted her big eyes to Mr. Gray's face. Her eyes were full of tears.

'Suppose, Helen dear, that you tell our plan to the little girl and her mother. If they don't approve of it, why we'll do the other way.'

Helen looked at Lina, saw the tears in her eyes, then ran to her papa and hid her face upon his shoulder. 'Must it be that way, papa?' she whispered.

'I very much wish it, my dear, and some time you'll be glad, I'm sure.'

Helen was almost in tears. But she was at heart one of those well-bred little people of whom princesses could be made. After a struggle with herself she told the plan to Lina and Mrs. Humison, and began to receive her reward when the little cripple burst into glad tears.

'It's more than good of you, Miss Helen,' said Mrs. Humison in a choking voice. 'And I'm sure that your father is like an angel to us. If it's this way, then we'll see Miss Helen every day. I can't tell you, sir, how her coming brightens the hours for my little sufferer. Your daughter is out of another world to her, you know, and long after she has gone my little Lina tells over again the things she has said and done.'

So, though it was a bit hard for Helen, she learned a sweet lesson in unselfishness which made her wise in other directions. Thus two homes were made brighter and the little raccoon was not dragged away from the little mistress whom he loved.

A Queer Streak.

(May Everett Glover, in 'N.Y. Observer.')

'Peanuts! fresh peanuts!'

Ben tried to call out as cheerfully as usual, but somehow his voice would falter as he stood there beside the peanut-roaster on the street corner and watched the groups of merry boys passing. It was a great disappointment that he would have to stand there all day when he had been expecting that Teddy and he would have such a good time. It didn't matter so much for himself, but Teddy was so little; and then he would try to say something to cheer up the little fellow who sat on a box watching the people passing.

'Give me ten cents' worth,' Tom Strong said, as he came running across the street from a group of boys, 'Why, Ben, is this you!' he exclaimed, 'I didn't know that you sold peanuts.'

'I don't, only when Uncle Jim's sick,' he answered sullenly.

'Arn't you going on the excursion?'

'No.' Ben tried to speak naturally but his voice suddenly choked.

'I'm sorry. We expect to have a fine time. There's going to be a band and lots of people; but I'll be left if I don't hurry.'

'Who's that little ragamuffin you were talking to?' Ned Allen asked as Tom joined him.

'Why, don't you know him? It's that boy who was in our class at school the last few weeks,' Tom answered. 'I pity him, he wanted to go to-day. Say, Ned, you go on with the others, I am going back a little.'

'What's up now, do you want to miss the boat?' You do take the queerest streaks.'

But Tom was already half way across the street. He paused a moment, his face unusually grave.

'I want to go bad as ever can be,' he said half aloud, 'but perhaps it's what Miss Milton meant when she told us to try to make someone happy during this vacation, even if we had to deny ourselves some pleasure.' Then he was beside the peanut-roaster. 'Say, Ben,' he began, 'I'm sorry that you can't go along.'

The boy suddenly brushed aside a tear with his ragged sleeve.

'Well, it can't be helped. I don't care so much for myself as for Teddy. He's never been no place, and he's been wantin' to go ever since I told him about it; and every night when he says his prayers, he's said, "Dear Lord, let us go on the 'Scursion," and I've worked to get money enough, but Uncle Jim got sick and I had to give it to him for medicine. Don't think that I didn't want to give it,' he said suddenly, 'I was glad I had it, for Uncle Jim is awful good to us; but we did want to go to-day. Folks like us never get anywhere.'

'Well, you are going to go now,' Tom exclaimed; 'I'll sell your peanuts until you get back. I don't care so much, seeing that I've been so often.'

Ben looked at him in surprise.

'I'll have a good time here. You can take my ticket, and I've plenty of money to get one for Teddy.' Tom hoped that he did not look disappointed.

'Oh, I couldn't do that,' Ben said hesitatingly.

'Of course you can. You want to go, don't you, Teddy?' Tom said. 'Won't he enjoy it though.'

'But, Tom—' Ben began.

'Here, don't waste any time talking. You can take my lunch, I guess there's enough for both if you make up with ice cream and such like. You put on my coat, it is warm enough here without. I know how to roast nuts. I used to help old Billy sometimes,' and before Ben realized it, he had on Tom's coat and cap, and with his lunch box in one hand and holding Teddy with the other, he was hurrying down to the wharf, while Tom stood on the corner and looked after them.

'That's another of your "queer streaks," as Ned calls them,' he said to himself, 'and you've never talked a hundred words to that boy before in your life, and you will have to stand here all day.' Then he suddenly gave his shoulders a shrug.

'Tom Strong, I'm ashamed of you, being sorry for one minute that you are staying at home to let those two boys have a good time, when you have gone dozens of times and can go lots more, and they never get any place, and have to work and wear old clothes and—I am ashamed of you, Tom Strong—get to work and see how many peanuts you can sell until they come home.' Then he went to roasting peanuts with a will, but how warm it was and what fun Ned and the rest would be hav-

ing. Then—when he thought of Ben and Teddy, he didn't feel nearly so tired.

It was noon when two dignified looking men suddenly stopped. 'Judge, why, is not that your boy?' the one suddenly exclaimed in an undertone.

'Guess I'll have to claim him,' the other said with a grim smile. 'Why, Tom, what does this mean?' he asked in surprise.

Tom looked around half frightened, for he stood in awe of his father.

'Why, I didn't go to the excursion. I gave my ticket and lunch to a poor boy and his little brother who had to sell peanuts all day, and never get anywhere, and I'm selling them for them until they get back. I really didn't want to go so badly when I found that Ben wanted to go so badly and take Teddy,' he said earnestly.

Judge Strong smiled.

'I don't believe that this is the boy who was so anxious to get off he could not eat his breakfast this morning. You must come with me and have luncheon.'

Tom hesitated a moment.

'I can't leave here, and, besides, Ben left his lunch and he'd think it wasn't good enough if I wouldn't eat any of it.'

'Have it your own way, my boy. Here, Drummond, I know you like peanuts; we ought to patronize the boy a little.'

Tom almost regretted that he had not gone with his father, when he opened the little package of lunch that Ben had left—dry bread and a few cold potatoes—but he tried to eat it bravely.

'I'll know how it is to be poor,' he thought.

That afternoon business became quite brisk, and when Ben and Teddy came back, all happy and excited over the day's pleasure, Tom was entirely sold out and waiting for them.

'Well, my boy, are you tired?' Judge Strong asked, putting his hand on Tom's curly head as he lay on the sofa in the library, that evening.

Tom looked up with a bright smile.

'A little—but what a good time Ben and Teddy must have had.'

'Do you think so?' and Judge Strong pushed the hair from Tom's face and then stooped and kissed him, and Tom felt that he was repaid.

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The Self-Forgetfulness of Gratitude.

(The Rev. J. R. Miller, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Among the many beautiful stories of Queen Victoria this was told just after she died. While visiting the wounded soldiers who had been brought back from South Africa, she was greatly distressed by the appearance of one poor man who had been terribly injured.

'Is there nothing,' said the Queen, 'that I can do for you?'

The soldier replied, 'Nothing, your Majesty, unless you would thank my nurse for her kindness to me.'

The Queen turned to the nurse and said, with tears in her eyes, 'I do thank you with all my heart for your kindness to this poor wounded son of mine.'

There was something exquisitely beautiful in the soldier's utter self-forgetfulness, which led him to think not of anything from his Queen for himself, but of pleasure and honor to her who was serving him so faithfully.

A True Story.

Other babies jumped and crowed when the blossoms blew from the trees, but Willie Jones lay pale and quiet with his head against his mother's arm. Other little children clapped their hands and ran to catch the birds and butterflies, but little Willie never did. Other boys played football, fished, swam, and boated in the long, clear river, but Willie's only pleasure was to ride in his mother's cart and watch her sell the vegetables from her garden. For nine short months she had watched him grow, with joy and pride. Then a change came. For nine long years he had not lain down upon his bed, nor drawn an untroubled breath. Yet Willie Jones was happy.

He lived in an old English town. An American lady lived there, too—in lodgings. One week she missed for several mornings the crisp cresses and fresh berries that Willie's mother brought to the door, and missed the sick boy who was always with her. She learned he was ill and made her way to his home. In a darkened room she found him propped up in bed, panting for breath. His poor heart stood out upon his breast and pulsed with quick, hard beats.

Sitting by him, shut out from the gay fields and summer sunshine his visitor told him of fields that were always green which he might one day enjoy and of that Shepherd who longs to carry in his bosom just such helpless lambs as he. If she had not felt the boy's eyes fixed upon her, she might have fancied he slept, so still was the room, but for his breathing, as she repeated from St. John's Gospel the description of the Good Shepherd. His eyes were full of eagerness as she said good-bye and left her pocket Bible by his side.

A few days after she went again and she was startled to see him lying easily upon his bed, the pillows pushed away. 'The first time in nine years,' his mother said, with a smile of hope upon her face. There was no more heavy breathing, and a smile rested, too, on the child's wan face. One wasted hand lay upon the Bible, and pushing it gently toward his friend, he said: 'Read a bit about the Shepherd and the sheep.'

The book fell open at the account in St. Matthew of the last judgment, and the reader began where her eye lighted—'When the Son of Man shall come in his glory and all the holy angels with him'—and read on to the end of the chapter. She was touched with the boy's look of perfect peace as she stooped to kiss him good-night, saying:

'Well, Willie, I would hardly know this to be you, lying here so bright and well. I shall not be surprised to see you walking into my house to-morrow morning.'

He smiled quietly and stroked her hand with his thin fingers once or twice, but he said nothing.

The morning came and an early call aroused her. Willie's mother stood before her, weeping bitterly.

'He bade me come myself,' she said. 'He died last night at twelve. And'—her voice left her for a moment in a burst of weeping, but she smiled through her tears as she went on—'I was to tell you he will be with the sheep on the right hand.'—'The Christian Intelligencer.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Nov. 28, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

The Banquet Over, What Remains? The Alaskan Award.—Frederick Greenwood, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Lord Rowton—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
An Extinct Peerage—A Work that Lives—The 'Daily Tribune,' New York.
Afghanistan's Able Ruler—The 'Sun,' New York.
Protection and Character—The 'Speaker,' London.
Tribute from a Protectionist to Free Trade—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Lord Rosebery on Protection—English Papers.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

'F. C. G.', Caricaturist—The 'Westminster Budget.'
The Story of Ruskin and the Keswick School, by its Founder, the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Canon of Carlisle—The 'Commons' Chicago.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Morning Hymn—By Thomas Carlyle.
A Rondel—By E. A. Ramsden.
Modern Gnosticism—The 'Pilot,' London.
A Liberal Catholic—By C. F. G. Masterman, in the 'Speaker,' London.
Nature in Books—By Mabel Osgood Wright, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Slang in Literature—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Morley's Gladstone—T. P., in 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Migratory Birds—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The Victoria Falls—The 'Graphic,' London.
Another Peak Conquered—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
Dominica's Boiling Lake—The 'Sun,' New York.
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Jenny's Christmas Eve.

'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

Well, the old broom was gone! When she had begun to sweep her crossing that morning in the falling snow a rude boy had come and laughed at it, calling it 'an old stump without a bristle,' and had pushed her and it from their accustomed place, which he took himself with a brand new broom. And she had gone away, and looked at her old one, and thought it must be dead since it could work no more; and so she had carried it away to a lonely corner and buried it and cried; for, when old Johnson up the street could work no more, had he not died, and did they not take him and put him under the ground out of sight? True, no one cried for him; but, then, no one loved him, and little Jenny loved her broom. It was the only friend she had, and she was sure no man or woman could ever be so good a friend, for it could not beat her, and it used to win for her all the food she ever got.

And now old 'broom' was dead, and little Jenny cried, and the snow fell fast. She did not care to go home, for her father was always drunk, and she had lost her mother long ago. So she wandered about until the evening time. This was a busy day in town. The shops looked merry and warm and bright, and though it did snow fast, people hurried to and fro with baskets on their arms and many parcels and kinder faces than usual, at least so Jenny thought. Oh, how many coppers she might have had had broom been alive! But, then, broom was dead, and Jenny all alone.

She crept within the shadow of a great church, which sheltered her from the snow, and watched the people coming in and out. Some had lovely flowers, and some big bunches of holly, with, oh, so many berries! and some had little books. Ever so many went in, and then she heard music and such happy singing, and she remembered that it was Christmas Eve, and that was why every one looked so bright and sang for joy.

Jenny had once been to a Sunday-school, but she never went again, for the other children drew away from her and said she was dirty and common, and their mothers did not like them to sit next dirty, common girls. True, they did not let their teacher see this; but when she went away they teased her, and followed her to see where she lived, and she dodged them up one street and down another until they lost her. But she did not go home for hours afterwards, lest they should find out the wretched garret she shared with her father, and which was her only home. And she never went to school again.

"JENNY WOKE UP."

But in that one lesson at the Sunday-school she learnt that Jesus was some one great—'God,' the teacher said; and how He became a little Baby, and then grew up to be a Man; how He was quite poor himself, but always lived to be kind to other poor people if only they would ask Him for help; and how He was alive now, doing good somewhere, only she could never find Him, though she had been on the lookout for Him ever since. And this, she remembered, was the evening before His birthdry, when, long years ago, He had been born a little Baby. She knew people were always glad at this time. She, too, could have been glad if only she could have found Him. She would have asked Him for a new broom and a good crossing; and perhaps, as He was so very kind, He might have given her one or two pennies. But, then, He never came where she was, so why should she rejoice? All this passed through Jenny's ignorant little head as she cuddled half hidden close to the church's heavy door.

Then the music stopped, and the people came out, and when all was quiet again she pushed the door open a little and peeped in. It was so warm in there!—she pushed it

open further—and so beautiful!—she slipped in. No one saw her. She crept to the great stove, and looked and looked in wonder, till gradually the warmth made her drowsy, and all unconsciously she dropped upon the floor and fell asleep.

After a long time Jenny woke up. The fire had gone out in the stove, and she was cold again, and stiff from lying on the stone floor. The gas, which had dazzled her when she found her way into this lovely place, was turned off, but a pure light took its place from the moonbeams that fell through the colored windows on the black and white pavement beneath. The arches and pillars showed more white and beautiful for the great shadows thrown around, and as Jenny gazed bewildered on the solemn grandeur, she thought she saw a beautiful form at the far end of the chancel advancing towards her. Gradually it drew near and nearer, and around it were many other forms, all so beautiful that the child thought they must be angels, for the teacher had told her in that one Sunday of good people, different from those she lived among, called angels. But the centre form was far more beautiful than all. Jenny could never tell what it was like, only it was quite different from anything she had ever seen—so grand and holy looking, and yet with such a loving smile that she felt sure it must be the Jesus for Whom she had looked so long.

He came close and yet closer to the place where she crouched, almost afraid to breathe, and at last He stopped by her side.

'Come here, Jenny, my little Jenny,' He said, and raised her in His arms, and wrapped her in His garments, till her aching limbs once more were warm and rested, and she fell asleep.

A second time she awoke. She was on the ground by the stove as at first. No loving arms encircled her, no clinging garments wrapped her round. But again some one was bending over her, and by the sweet smile on the face she saw, she thought it must be Jesus come back again, though she did not remember His having gone away; and, stretching ont her two thin little arms, she cried, 'Oh, Jesus, why did you go away? You made me so warm, and now I'm cold, like I always am. It was so lovely to be warm.'

Again she was raised, and this time carried swiftly forward. A good woman who had the care of the church, coming in in the early morning before it was yet light to open and dust it, had found her half dead with cold and hunger, and carried her to an orphanage which stood close by the church. There they warmed and fed her, and put her in such a cosy bed that the little one thought she must really be in Heaven till they told her how it was.

But that night Jesus had claimed little Jenny for His own. She did not die, but lived, and good people taught her all about Him, till she grew to know Him and to love Him so much that she gave her whole life to Him, as He had given His for her; and since the Christmas Eve she heard Him say in her dream, 'Come to me, Jenny, my little Jenny,' she has never left Him.

Christmas Frolicking.

Nicholas, good saint, jolly Saint Nicholas,
Not to remember you, dear, were ridiculous;
You who have busily labored to tickle us.

Santa Claus, tenderly nicknamed Santa Claus,
'Tis in your honor, we name, for no scanty cause,
Jollities papa and mamma and aunty cause!

Little Foxes.

There are many little foxes
Who can slip so softly in,
That we know not of their presence
Till they lead us into sin.
And when one finds an entrance,
He leaves the door 'off latch,'
For others of the foxy tribe
We find so hard to catch.

The ugly fox of selfishness
Though hard he makes us toil,
Will never garner harvests rich
But each year vintage spoil.
He blights our pleasures day by day,
By his deceiving tricks,
And all we prize as good and sweet,
With sourness he will mix.

The snarling fox of discontent
Hounds off each new-born joy,
And freely gives with measure full
The things that most annoy.
While anxious thought that fretting fox
Will make us each day borrow,
The ills we dread, but never find
Awaiting us to-morrow.

The fox 'impatience' soon will chase
'Forbearance' far away,
And bring his brother 'bitter word'
To vex us every day.
And 'indolence' the lazy fox,
Will hinder all good work,
As long as we will give him peace
Within our hearts to lurk.

The 'doubting' fox can never live
With 'faith' so kind and true,
But makes us lose our trust in God
And in our neighbor too.
The 'haughty' fox is sure to bring
Falls—many—soiling—sore;
Which we in after life will feel,
And bitterly deplore.

And crafty 'love of pleasure' fox
Each door throws open wide,
That lust, intemperance, and greed
May in our hearts abide.
Then watch these foxes one and all
At work, or rest, or play,
Get 'love' and 'trust' and temperance
To keep them far away.
—Honos, in 'League Journal.'

LESSON XII.—DEC. 20.

The Queen of Sheba Visits Solomon.

I. Kings x., 1-10.

Golden Text.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice. Proverbs xxix., 2.

Home Readings.

Monday, Dec. 14.——I. Kings x., 1-13.
Tuesday, Dec. 15.—Eccl, ii., 1-11.
Wednesday, Dec. 16.—I. Cor. ii., 1-16.
Thursday, Dec. 17.—I. Kings x., 14-25.
Friday, Dec. 18.—II. Chron. ix., 1-13.
Saturday, Dec. 19.—II. Chron. ix., 14-24.
Sunday, Dec. 20.—Matt. xii., 31-42.

1. And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions.

2. And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold, and precious stones: and when she was come to Solomon she communed with him of all that was in her heart.

3. And Solomon told her all her questions: there was not anything hid from the king, which he told her not.

4. And when the queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built,

5. And the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cupbearers, and his ascent by which he went up unto the house of the Lord; there was no more spirit in her.

6. And she said to the king, It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom.

7. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and, behold, the half was not told me: thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard.

8. Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom.

9. Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because the Lord loved Israel forever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice.

10. And she gave the king one hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones: there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

At the time referred to in the present lesson Solomon seems to have reigned some twenty years. I. Kings ix., 10. Read chapters ix. and x., and you will get an idea of the glory and wealth of his reign. The fame of his wisdom, power, and splendor spread far among other nations, and in the present lesson we have an account of the visit by the Queen of Sheba, to learn for herself how true or false were the reports.

It is generally believed by scholars that Sheba, here mentioned, was the ancient

The kingdom of the Sabæans was situated in southern Arabia Felix. This is known to have been, in Solomon's day, a rich and strong kingdom noted especially for gold, jewels and spices. Recently discovered inscriptions show that the nation was well advanced in civilization. The Arabs have many legends about this Queen of Sheba, and among them her name is called Balkis.

The kingdom of the Sabaeans was fifteen hundred miles from Jerusalem, and it has been estimated that it required, with the slow means of travel then in use, possibly seventy-five days to reach Jerusalem. Yet so anxious was this queen to learn the truth about Solomon that she came this great distance, with all the inconveniences of ancient travel.

THE LESSON STUDY.

Verse 1-3. 'And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the Lord.' It is not surprising that she should have heard of this industrious monarch, but notice that the queen heard of his fame 'concerning the name of the Lord.' The great temple erected to the worship of God, with rites that were so distinct from those of heathenism, and the God given wisdom of the king, were known far beyond the boundaries of the kingdom of Israel.

'She came to prove him with hard questions.' Riddles and puzzling questions have in the East been proverbially used as tests of wisdom, or their solution as conditions upon which this or that would be done. There are traditions that the queen asked Solomon to tell the contents of a closed casket, to thread a diamond through which an intricately winding hole ran, to perforate a pearl, and other things of like nature. All these puzzles he is said to have solved correctly, and to have answered the questions she asked.

'And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train.' She travelled with a splendor, and retinue that became a sovereign of a rich Oriental country. Notice in the second verse the mention of the costly things she brought with her. It would be necessary to have 'a very great train' of attendants for the sake of safety in transporting so much treasure.

4, 5. 'And when the queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built,' etc. Not only did the queen question Solomon closely to test the reports of his great sagacity, but she also inspected the evidences of his wealth and grandeur as presented by his environment in his capital. Solomon had constructed great public works, reservoirs, aqueducts, etc., and 'the ascent by which he went up unto the house of the Lord.' This probably refers to the connecting way beween the palace and the temple, across a valley since filled with rubbish.

'There was no more spirit in her.' The queen's own wisdom, glory, and wealth had been so far eclipsed that she seemed to lose spirit, in the sense that her lofty pride was humbled.

6, 7. 'It was a true report that I heard . . . and, behold, the half was not told me.' Here is a frank confession of the greatness of Solomon, and, as verse 7 indicates, of the queen's doubts before she saw for herself. She found that the king's wisdom and prosperity exceeded the accounts she had heard.

8. 'Happy are thy men,' etc. They were not happy merely in the wealth that surrounded them, but in having the wisdom of Solomon before them constantly, for their spiritual and mental improvement.

9. 'Blessed be the Lord thy God.' It is evident from verse 9 that the queen had been made to understand that Solomon's wisdom, power, and possessions came from God. At this time Solomon seems to have been still using the exceptional means at his command to glorify God. Notice the recognition of God's love for Israel, and of the compliment paid to Solomon, but the statement that because of this divine love for Israel, God had made him king.

10. 'And she gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold,' etc. There came now an exchange of royal gifts, as we learn from verses 10 and 13 of this chapter. This was according to Oriental custom still prevalent.

The visit of the queen of Sheba, her early doubts, her confession of Solomon's greatness, and the generous exchange of gifts, are good examples of spiritual things. Many a soul doubts, either really or wilfully, the love and power, and goodness of God. If such a one makes no effort to 'taste and see that the Lord is good,' he simply remains in his spiritual narrowness and ignorance, with all that this means in the present life and in eternity. Christmas box. 'Not frangincense or the honest effort to come to God and learn of him, to appropriate Christ, he finds that the half was never told him, and involuntarily he pours out his soul in blessing the Heavenly Father.

Next week the lesson is the Review and Christmas Lesson. Read Psalm ciii. and Matthew ii., 1-12.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, Dec. 20.—Topic—A vision of world-wide peace. Isa. xi., 6-9; 9-6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

BRINGING TREASURES TO JESUS.

Monday, Dec. 14.—Our love. Matt. xxii. 37.

Tuesday, Dec. 15.—Our songs. Eph. v., 19.

Wednesday, Dec. 16.—Our gratitude. Ps. 1., 14.

Thursday. Dec. 17.—Our service. Rom. xii., 1.

Friday, Dec. 18.—For his brethren. Acts xx., 35.

Saturday, Dec. 19.—Our hearts. Psalm xxxiv., 18.

Sunday, Dec. 20.—Topic—What treasures can I bring to Jesus? Matt. ii., 1-11. (Christmas service.)

A Living Christ.

(Rev. W. H. Griffith-Thomas.

The teacher must make Christ living and real to his scholars, and that, not merely as the Christ of Galilee and Calvary (of course, that), but the Christ of to-day, an ever present Friend. What is needed for children is to show the reality of Christ in our everyday life, his love, grace, power and joy. Here, too, it is the present and the concrete, not the past and the historical. If only Christ is thus made real to them all, questions of conviction of sin and conversion to God will easily and quickly settle themselves.

There was an officer's wife who showed her boy a photograph of the father, who was away in far-off India. This was done day by day for three years. Every morning the photograph was shown; 'That's father!' was the lesson. One day, as the little one was playing, the door of the room was opened, and a fine, manly form filled the doorway, when the child exclaimed, 'Father!' In like manner, if we make Christ real, living, and present to our scholars, we shall go farthest in leading them into living contact with him. If we would win some, we must be winsome with the joy of the Lord as our manifest power and charm.

The twofold secret of this is a life of fellowship with God by the simple but sufficient means of daily prayer and Bible meditation. Christ becomes real in proportion as we 'take time to be holy,' and live in his presence. Prayer keeps the avenues of the soul open to God, and meditation keeps them full of grace and truth for appropriation and expression in the life. 'There they dwelt with the King for his work,' and so must it be always. Abiding in him we bring forth fruit, much fruit, more fruit, fruit that remains, fruit unto holiness, fruit in other lives, fruit that blesses others, and continually glorifies God.

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Two Tales.

There stood two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
'Let us tell tales of the past of each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.

'From the head of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his fortune a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

'I've made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail;
I've made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, "Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all."
Ho! Ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
'Can you boast of deeds so great as mine?'

Said the water glass, 'I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host.
But I can tell of hearts that were sad
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of thirst I have quenched, and brows I've laved,
Of hands I've cooled, and lives I've saved.
I have leaped thro' the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dipped from the fountain;
I have burst my cloud fetters and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain;
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have uplifted, and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
And gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me.'

Those are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine, and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
—'Irish League Journal.'

An Instance.

One day, it matters not when, we entered a large building in company with a young companion. The building was for the use of the public. All classes of society frequented it. The builder intended that it should promote the cause of virtue. Accordingly it was ornamented with statues of different personages, and here and there with stained glass windows portraying some phase of well-doing. These different objects of art, we may mention, are placed in this building by citizens of estimable character. It was all very beautiful, and we fired our young friend with the hope that he also might be worthy of donating statue or window and of having his name perpetuated from generation to generation. Whilst talking this wise, we stopped in admiration before an artistic stained glass creation. The name of the donor was there, and, impelled by a desire to carry away a souvenir of the building, we cast about us for information about him. 'Who was he?' we asked an habitue of the place. 'A rum-seller' was the answer. 'Just slung drinks over the counter and made his pile.' But we ventured to say that we thought that no one but the citizen who stood for the interest of the community was allowed to decorate this building. 'Shucks,' came the rejoinder, 'that don't count. He had the ducats and that was enough. He mixed drinks and washed beer mugs and doctored his liquor and collected dimes and half-dimes from black and white, male and female, and he managed to have enough cash to enable him to put his name on the walls of this building.' Striking object lesson for the young! Shows how the path of fame and affluence is within the reach of all! It conjures up for the youth visions of the time when he may be resplendent in white coat and apron and weary his brain with the serving of rum to customers. He may grow despondent—but then there is the window.

We could not help thinking that a citizen talking on temperance or any other subject of moment in that building would be sorely handicapped by the window of the gin slinger. However, money talks, and can get a hearing in most places.—'Catholic Record.'

Do Cigarettes Lead to Crime?

That cigarette smoking has something to do with leading a boy into crime seems to be proven by the fact that of the ninety boy criminals who were arrested and locked in jail within the last six months, all but two were victims of the cigarette habit. Those of the boys who were induced to give up the habit were reformed and, when released on parole, lived aright and did well. The few who could not be broken of the habit turned out badly when given a chance to do better.

These facts are contained in a report submitted to the Men's Union of W. C. Johnson, the probation officer of the county jail, Kansas City, who has charge of the boys in the jail and the boys released on parole. This report covers the six months ending March 31. Mr. Johnson says in his report that of the ninety boys incarcerated in the jail in the last six months not one was at work or at school when arrested, and all but two were cigarette fiends.

We sometimes hear boys of 12, 15, or 20 years of age declare that they cannot give up cigarettes, and often they have not sufficient energy or will power to even make the attempt. Sad, indeed, is their fate; poor, weak-minded boys, slaves to this insatiate monster, the cigarette. The poison of the nicotine finds its way right through the body and gives it a very unpleasant odor. It injures the nerves of the heart and thus weakens its healthy action. This is called 'tobacco heart.' In fact, tobacco is one of the most virulent poisons in nature. A single leaf dipped in hot water and laid upon the pit of the stomach produces a powerful effect by mere absorption.

The youth who was smoking a cigarette near the monkey's cage took another one from his pocket. 'Would it do any harm?' he asked, 'if I should offer him one of these?' 'Not a bit,' responded the attendant. 'He wouldn't touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as it looks.'—Chicago 'Tribune.'

The formula of the patent medicine ought to be on the label of the bottle. The alcohol habit and the cocaine habit have been caused by the use of patent medicines. Many patent medicines have ingredients that should be sold only under their own names.—Prof. H. W. Wiley.

The Tame Anaconda.

(T. O. Keister, in the 'Evangelical Monthly.')

A few years ago a noted wild-beast tamer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading London theatres. He took his lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing his audience by his wonderful nerve and control over them. As a closing act of the performance he was to introduce an enormous boa-constrictor, thirty-five feet long. He had bought it when it was only two or three days old; and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he had often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster.

The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The weird strains of an Oriental band stole through the trees. A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erected. Its bright eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage. Their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man—the man is victor. The serpent is under the control of a master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him, and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended in one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the man's. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unite in a great burst of applause, but it freezes on their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had now enslaved him.

In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole story of intemperance. The man who has taken the first glass of intoxicating liquor has the boa of intemperance in his bosom. If he throttles the monster now, it is easily done. But if he permits it to live, feeds and nourishes it, he may control it for even twenty-five years, but it is continually growing, and some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul, and bear it to those regions of woe 'where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.'

Result of Children Smoking.

A Board school teacher, the other day, wishing to ascertain how many out of his school of 400 boys were smokers, took the trouble to examine their hands. Discarding doubtful cases, over thirty boys, some of very tender years, proved by the discoloration of the fingers to be habitually addicted to the cigarette. All of these thirty boys, with a solitary exception, were all worthless as scholars, dull of memory, and practically devoid of anything resembling moral principles. It is perfectly scandalous, says the London 'Christian Herald,' that tobacconists are permitted to make sales to very small children as they do.

A private in opposing the re-establishing of the army canteen in the United States, says: 'As a soldier in the ranks, I wish to give my conviction upon the subject of inebriety in the army. I have read in the Army and Navy Register the reports of some of our officers in which they invariably demand, or advise, the return of the army canteen, and they say that the soldiers desire it. I do not desire it, and eighty-five percent of the soldiers who drink to excess, instead of asking for the return of the saloon, cry: "I wish the curse were wiped out so that I could not get it, for as long as I can get it I will drink."' —'Ram's Horn.'

Correspondence

Avondale.

Dear Editor,—I will tell you a little about the place I live in. Avondale is a little village on the little Presqu'Ile River, in almost the centre of Carleton County, which is called the Garden of New Brunswick. Little Presqu'Ile River flows out of Lake Williamstown, which is six miles long and three miles wide, and this river is one of the best mill streams in the province. My grandfather Barter lives half a mile down the road. I have two sisters, but no brother. My sisters' name are Susie Hill and Florence Nightingale. The only pets we have are the cat and the hens. I am in the third reader. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success and a happy Christmas, JENNIE L. B.

Wilmot, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I saw in the 'Northern Messenger' on Nov. 20 that readers of the 'Northern Messenger' whose birthdays were in December were to notify you before the 25th of November. My birthday is on Dec. 13, and I have taken the 'Messenger' two years, and like it very much.

CHARLIE L. W.

Lachute, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since last year, and like it very much. My mother has been in bed for over four years. For pets I have two cats and a dog named Major. He is a fine swimmer. I hope this letter will escape the waste paper basket. Success to the 'Messenger.'

MAGGIE B.

Southboro, Mass.

Dear Editor,—As I have never seen a letter from Southboro, I thought I would write one. We have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for two years, and like it very much. It comes in my own name this year. We live on a poultry farm, two miles from town. We have 250 hens and 1,200 chickens, 175 ducks, and 45 pigeons and a cow and a horse. I go to school every day. I have a brother who will be fifteen on Jan. 13. His name is Clifton. I have a grandpa and grandma in New Minas, N.S. Mamma and I were down there and stayed a month last summer, and we had a very pleasant time.

ALICE B. F. (age 9).

Wardsville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger.' My birthday is on Dec. 27, and I will then be nine years of age. I live in Wardsville, a little village on the bank of the River Thames. For a pet I have a pretty tortoise-shell cat, and its name is Tinker. I go to school, and enjoy my lessons very much. I go to the Sunday-school every Sunday. I have no brothers or sisters. I like the 'Messenger' very much. This is my first letter.

WILLIAM E. S.

Avondale, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. My birthday was on Nov. 3. I read a letter in the 'Messenger' written by Katie B. MacD., whose birthday is on the same date as mine. I would like her to write to me. I am left-handed, and write with my left hand. My papa is an organizer for the Canadian Order of Foresters, and is away from home most of the time. Wishing all a Merry Christmas, FLORENCE N. B.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—As I do not see many letters from Toronto, I thought I would write one. I am a little girl, eleven years old, in the senior fourth. I intend to try the entrance examinations in June. The farthest away from home I have ever been I think is Pembroke. I have taken the 'Messenger' for four or five years, as we get it at Sunday-school. It is a very nice paper. I always read the 'Little Folks' page first, and then the Correspondence.

The only pet I have is a great big St. Bernard dog, whose name is Don. I used to have a little Yorkshire dog called Barney, but we lost him. I would like to know if there is any other little girl who has a birthday on June 2. My last birthday I was sick in bed.

MINNIE SIMPSON H.

Frelighsburg, Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first year taking the 'Messenger.' I always read the Correspondence. I am very much interested in the letters written by the boys and girls. We have been in Frelighsburg for two years. I belong to the Methodist Church; our Sunday-school is small. I go to school every day. I am eleven years of age, and my birthday is on June 1.

HILDA K.

Limehouse, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I was twelve years old on October 5, and I am in the fourth book. We came to this place three years ago. Before that time I had lived in Toronto, and whilst there attended Ryerson School. Limehouse is a small village, thirty-two miles west of Toronto, on the G. T. R. The principal industry is burning of lime. The scenery around here is beautiful. On our way to school we pass an immense rock which looks like solid mason work. It stands on one side of the road, while on the other side is a rocky hill, almost perpendicular. Our schoolhouse is made of stone.

WINNIFRED G. I.

Thamesville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My father takes the 'Messenger,' and we like it very much. I like it all so well that I don't know which part I like best. I live on a farm four miles from Thamesville, which is a nice village. I have a dog and two cats. I like driving horses, but I do not very often do it. I am in the fourth book, but I am not going to school now. There were twelve cases of smallpox last winter about a mile and a half from here. However, I didn't get it. My eyes are weak, and I cannot read very much, but I like reading, and I have read a good many books.

P. M. K.

Wallace Bay, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the Sons of Temperance. There are over n_nety members now. It was re-organized in 1902. We have contests to keep up the entertainment. We have a division picnic almost every summer. In September, 1902, Pugwash, Wallace, Temple and Wallace Bridge Divisions had a picnic, and we all went to Pictou, and were met by the Pictou Division, who showed us all over the town. In the afternoon we went to the Y.M.C.A. Hall, and we had speeches and music from the members and officers of the different divisions. Wallace Bay is a very pretty place in both summer and winter. We live three miles from the Northumberland Strait. Standing on the shore, one can see Prince Edward Island on a fine day. I have never been on the Island, but expect to go some day. I have not always lived in Nova Scotia. I was born in the United States. We came here from Buffalo, N.Y., when I was five years old, so I do not remember much about it. We had one snowstorm this fall, during the night of Oct. 26. But all traces of it soon disappeared.

H. B. (age 14).

HOUSEHOLD.

Christmas Puddings.

With the approach of the Christmas season many housekeepers are looking up the old recipes for plum pudding and experimenting to get their 'hand in' so that no failure may attend the final dish of the feast of feasts. It has often been said that the best recipes are not those to be found in cookbooks, but are handed down from generation to generation by means of directions written in old notebooks and rendered almost illegible from time and long use.

A delicious Christmas pudding calls for one cupful of dry, grated bread crumbs, one cupful each of seedless raisins, currants, finely chopped walnuts and finely chopped citron; one-half pound of butter, or the same amount of butter and chopped suet mixed; one-half cupful of flour, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of strained honey, one tablespoonful of baking powder, the juice and rind of one lemon, four well-beaten eggs and enough milk to moisten. Boil in a mould for three hours. Serve with hard or foamy sauce. For Christmas a sprig of holly should decorate the centre of the pudding.

Those who have tasted the real English suet pudding, as made by the old English housekeeper, prefer it to the rich, dark variety which is so universally served. The most digestible suet pudding is that which is light in color when done, and is so tender that it will almost break on being sliced. Ingredients: Three cupfuls of flour, one small cupful of suet, two eggs, one cupful of seeded raisins, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of baking powder and enough milk to make a stiff batter. For the soft sauce, three cupfuls of water, the juice of two small lemons and grated rind of one, half a cupful of butter, nutmeg to flavor, sugar to taste and enough flour to thicken the whole. For hard sauce, half a pound butter (not too salt), a teaspoonful of vanilla, two tablespoonfuls of cream and all the powdered sugar that these ingredients will take up. Sift the flour for the pudding and add the dry ingredients. Beat the eggs slightly, add one-half cupful of milk and mix with the flour and suet. Add just enough milk to form a stiff batter. Put the pudding in a bag large enough to allow for its increased size when cooked, and place it in water that is boiling rapidly. Let it cook for three-quarters of an hour, never allowing the water to stop in boiling, and keep it covered. If it becomes necessary to add more water, let that be brought to a boiling point before putting in. For the soft sauce simmer all the ingredients, but the lemon and flour, together for five minutes, then thicken with flour. Add the lemon rind and juice just before removing from the fire, as the flavor of the lemon will be changed if it is cooked. For the hard sauce rub the sugar into the butter with a silver fork, add the vanilla and cream, then beat for ten minutes. This should be made one hour before serving and put on ice to cool.

If those who find plum pudding too rich and sweet will try serving whipped cream slightly sweetened and flavored with vanilla instead of the usual rich sauce, they will find it delicious, and probably enjoy a second helping.

Turkey.

The one secret of making the turkey tender is to make it rest on its breast-bone, propping upon crusts instead of on its back, when in the pan. In this way the juices are more evenly distributed and every part of the bird is tender and delicate. A bit of pork or bacon tied over the meat while cooking adds a fine flavor to the meat. Stuff the bird with bread or celery, chestnuts, or oysters, according to the taste and purse.

Successful Frying.

When planning to fry some article that needs to be dipped in egg and then in bread crumbs, your egg will go farther and act better if you add water to it. Break your egg into a plate, now measure two tablespoons of water for every egg. Take a fork and beat the egg and water together with five or six strokes, and it is all ready to use. Do not use more than two tablespoons of water, as it makes it too thin. Have you ever taken the pains to carefuly cover an oyster or croquet with egg and crumbs and then had them peel off when frying and leave the oyster clean? You will find that using the water will prevent that. Never use anything but rolled and sifted bread crumbs when

you intend frying anything. Cracker crumbs and meal are sure to soak grease. Break the bread into small pieces and put in a tin in the oven. Dry thoroughly. Only a little drying makes it hard, but when the starch is destroyed it will crumble easily. These pieces are very nice to eat as toast or with soup. Now, when you roll your crumbs, take a large piece of brown paper, but your crumbs on half of it, fold the other over and roll with rolling-pin. The paper keeps the crumbs from flying over everything. I sift mine to have them fine and put into a covered preserve jar. It does not take long to do a panful, and then I have them on hand.—Boston 'Globe.'

The Cost of Living

(Ellen Goodnow Willcox, in 'Congregationalist.')

The work of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, instructor in sanitary chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is doubtless familiar to our readers. Her writings on hygienic food and clothing have been a boon to housekeepers. This winter she has brought out a new book entitled 'The Cost of Living as Modified by Sanitary Science,' worthy of the earnest attention of every home-maker and student of domestic science and economics.

The home, Mrs. Richards grants, cannot be defended on strictly economic grounds. It would cost less money to house and feed people in large numbers than in groups of half a dozen. But the output of the home, the type of man and woman there developed, justifies it. If, then, it is sure to survive, let us see how the economic objections may be lessened.

Most housekeepers, it is to be hoped, know their minimum income in advance and proportion their expenditures to it. But how many know what part of that expenditure should go in one direction, what part in another? The manager of a railway knows what his operating expenses for this year 1900 will be; do you, mistress manager of a domestic establishment?

Mrs. Richards writes not for the poor, those with an income of $600 or less, but for the great mass of clerks, teachers, and business and professional- people of all sorts, who are living on one to three thousand dollars a year. An ideal division of that income would appropriate twenty percent for rent, fifteen percent for operating expenses, i.e., wages, fuel and lights, fifteen percent for clothes and twenty-five percent for food, thus retaining twenty-five percent for whatever belongs to other than the merely animal life—provision for the future, as life insurance and the bank fund, and aids to the intellectual and religious life. This division rests upon careful estimates and comparison with the average of many family budgets. In applying it to her own account-book the family treasurer should bear in mind two well established laws: first, the larger the income, the less the percentage of cost of subsistence; second, whatever the income, the cost of clothing, also of rent, heat and light, bears to it a constant proportion.

That rent should never exceed one-fifth of the income as a recognized principle. All the sanitary needs, as good drainage, clean wells and cellar and abundant sunlight, should be met by that appropriation. If, in addition, one wishes to pay for beautiful outlook or pleasant social surroundings, that should be charged to the twenty-five percent reserved for 'the higher life.' But much increase from that source would be a dangerous experiment.

The item, 'operating expenses,' it is difficult to dogmatize about. Ten percent of the rent, or a trifle over, ought to be abundant for heating. The cost of lights and fares (for the mistress in going to and from the market, the master in going to and from business) will vary greatly with the habits of the family. Wages for servants range all the way from one-half the sum paid for rent to the full amount. Two-thirds the rent is a common ratio, but if the mistress does no household work herself and is not a systematic business woman, the full sum is not too much.

Mrs. Richards believes that the general housemaid is overtaxed and that friction will be reduced and the economy of the home increased by paying the necessary cost for more intelligent domestic service. For instance, it is estimated that one-fifth the money expended for food is absolutely wasted. This is partly through unintelligent buying—the fault of the mistress—partly through wasteful and bad preparation—the fault of the cook. When domestics are graded according to their qualifications, the temptation to save by paying low wages will not exist. We shall find it wiser and more economical to make the appeal to the palate, not by buying the dearest things in the market, but by skilful cooking and tasteful serving at home.

The percentage devoted to clothing will seem to some inadequate. But remember it is clothing as a physical need, 'a layer, light in weight, spread evenly over the body so as to protect, not impede; so loose in texture as not to prevent free circulation of air, soft enough not to irritate the skin. . . . these are the essentials. Outside is the layer which we show to the world with the idea of enhancing our attractiveness to others.' The hygienic requirements, it is believed, fifteen percent of the income will cover. If much is to be spent for adornment in clothing, it must be drawn from some other fund. Books and travel are often given up for furbelows, sometimes for really beautiful raiment. If we do it, let us do it not blunderingly, but knowingly, from deliberate choice.

I do not urge the adoption of the given percentages as a rule of domestic financiering. It is well for the housekeeper to know that she is at odds with the best economic conclusions if she is paying more than one-fourth her income for food, one-fifth for rent. It is far more important for her to adopt the underlying principle and fix some method of distribution. The careful apportionment of the income among the various demands made upon it, which Mrs. Richards so ably advocates, would, I believe, go far toward putting housekeeping on a business basis and making it interesting and satisfying work.

A CHRISTMAS OFFER.

"SAVED IN A BASKET." A Serial Story.

A serial story, in which all, both old and young, will be interested, is commenced in this number of the 'Messenger,' and will be continued through the next six months.

Lest Any One Should Miss It.

To all new subscribers at the rat eof thirty cents sending in their names before the first of January, we will give the December numbers, containing the first chapters of this story.

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Suggestions for Cleaning.

Refrigerators should be thoroughly cleande once a week, everything removed, shelves and racks washed in warm soda water, wiped dry, and then sunned, if possible.

While the usefulness of kerosene is recognized by the housekeeper in many ways she may never have discovered how valuable it is in keeping the marble stationary basin bright and clean. Pour a few drops on a cloth, and rub on the stains and especially that black grease that will adhere to the marble in spite of soap and polishing. It will disappear as if by magic, and a dry cloth is all that is needed to restore the polish on the clean surface.

Flowerpot stains may be removed from window sills with fine wood ashes.

If window glass is lacking in brilliancy, clean it with a liquid paste made of alcohol and whiting. A little of this mixture will remove specks and impart a high lustre to the glass.

Where white spots appear on polished surfaces from the dropping of liquids or from heat, the immediate application of raw linseed oil will generally restore the color. The oil should be left on the affected spot for several hours overnight. Alcohol will perform the service if applied at once to rosewood or highly finished mahogany. In each instance, when the color has returned, the spot should be repolished with a piece of cheesecloth moistened with turpentine.

To clean linoleum, take equal parts of cottonseed oil and sharp vinegar, and rub well with a flannel rag. If the linoleum is very dirty, first wash it with soap and water, or water to which a little turpentine has been added. Washing soda should not be used on linoleum, because it readily attacks oil and paint, of which this floor covering is chiefly made.

Selected Recipes

A German Apple Shortcake.—This is another form of shortcake we give for variety's sake. Take a pound of fresh, unsalted or well washed butter and work it very well, with the hands, into a pound of sifted flour. Add half a cup of sugar, a little ground cinnamon and nutmeg and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Knead well, then cut the paste in two. Line the bot-

tom of a round cake tin with one half. Stew some apples, sweetened to taste, and when the apples are cold put them over the cake. Roll out the other half of dough and place over the apples. Bake for thirty minutes, then let stand till cold, then turn out of the pan and cover with a soft icing or meringue or whipped cream. It may also be served hot with plain sweet cream.

NEW INVENTIONS.

The following Canadian patents have been secured during last week through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 84,026, William Hull, Souris, Man., cultivator; 84,035, Andre Lalande, Montreal, Que., car replacer; 84,037, Louis Migner, Drummondville, Que., outsole; 84,040, Messrs. Dore & Toupin, Laprairie, Que., plough; 84,041, Lyon Cohen, Montreal, Que., ball valve; 84,046, Otto Zepf, Montreal, Que., stopper for bottles.

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A Handsome Watch Free For Xmas.

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THE BABY'S OWN

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